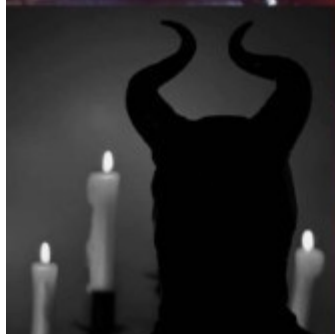




THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN
YOUR FINGERS AND SOMEONE
ELSE'S SKIN. THIS IS THE MOST
IMPORTANT DISCUSSION YOU
CAN EVER HAVE.

LAUREN THOMAS



Product from
KODAK FILM

With his
educated eyes
and his head
between my
thighs



You and Me and the Human Makes Three by Mystery_Lady

Category: IT (2017), IT - Stephen King, Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M, Multi

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Dustin Henderson, Eddie Kaspbrak, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Hanlon, Mike Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, The Losers Club (IT), The Party (Stranger Things), Will Byers

Relationships: Bill Denbrough/Mike Wheeler, Bill Denbrough/Richie Tozier, Bill Denbrough/Richie Tozier/Mike Wheeler, Established Bill Denbrough/Richie Tozier, Richie Tozier/Mike Wheeler

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2018-04-15

Updated: 2018-09-24

Packaged: 2022-04-23 02:41:46

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Chapters: 2

Words: 2,273

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Mike could only stare with wide, horrified eyes.

This shouldn't be happening. This was supposed to be a freaky dare, a joke! A rather creepy and weird dare that Dustin and Max made him do when he showed his friends the book he found buried underneath the ground of his yard.

The book he was using was old with ripped pages and the letters almost erased on the yellow, crinkled pages. In all, the book didn't even appear on the computers—as if never existed—so it must have been a self-made, fake book about “demons”, “magic”, and “potions” from the medieval times. A book full with things that couldn't be real and that people, due to paranoia, believed it wholeheartedly.

But the darkness in his room proved him otherwise...

Or

Mike shouldn't had messed with magic and now he's stuck with two mated sex demons until he fixes the problem.

1. Very Superstitious

Author's Note:

I have created this ship and I love it? Not sure if other would like it but here's a one-shot of this OT3 that I love and cherish. If anyone is actually interested in this ship and the story line, I might expand it. :3 (If I don't get a stupid ass writer's block!)

And yes, that is my moodboard. :3 I finally now how to put it in! ^_^



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This shouldn't be happening. This was supposed to be a freaky dare, a joke! A rather creepy and weird dare that Dustin and Max made him do when he showed his friends the book he found buried underneath the ground of his yard.

The book he was using was old with ripped pages and the letters almost erased on the yellow, crinkled pages. In all, the book didn't even appear on the computers—as if never existed—so it must have been a self-made, fake book about “demons”, “magic”, and “potions” from the medieval times. A book full with things that couldn't be real and that people, due to paranoia, believed it wholeheartedly.

But the darkness in his room proved him otherwise, the smell of burning wax filling his room and making his throat itch as the light in his room flickered, the pages of the books being rapidly turned by an unseeing hand.

Mike let out a loud yelp when his floor started to shake, making him back away from the circle he had drawn with a charcoal chalk as he backs into a wall. Before he could stand up from the floor the book flew upward, hitting the ceiling before falling back on the floor, lifeless.

Tense, Mike waited with bated breath, jumping when the candles light up once again, the flames a bright blue before turning to the familiar orange color. Heart threatening to escape from his chest, Mike wraps his arms around his knees as a figure appears in the middle of his room, in the middle of the circle he created.

Eyes still wide, Mike stares with terrified awe as the person turns to him, head tilted as the person observes him. Mike realizes belatedly that the person was a male, a *naked* male.

Blushing, he goes to cover his eyes when a sudden movement makes

him stop.

The male was in front of him, on his hands and knees as he leans over to him, staring at him with luminescent blue eyes; big and curious. Mike couldn't help but trail his eyes over the slender neck and at the guy's distracting pink nipples as the male had an arm placed strategically or unknowingly—he wasn't sure—in front of him, in a way he couldn't see his groin area.

“Ruh-Richie?” the male whispers, an auburn strand falling in between his eyes.

Mike blinks in surprise. Who was Richie?

Then he see the male's nostril flare subtly, sniffing him before recoiling violently.

Then Mike looks at him with fear as the color red enveloped the boy's eyes entirely, his lips pulling back to bare elongated fangs as he hiss at him.

“You're not my mate!”

Mike wanted to apologize and disappear right into the wall behind him, feeling so small in front of this *thing* that continued to glare at him as though he was an insignificant insect.

The floor rumbled once again, making Mike nervous while the other male remained calm, his expression still twisted in anger.

Then in a grand puff of smoke another “person” appears, also male, as it waves the dark gray smoke away. And he was also naked... What the fuck?!

The fear he was feeling started to disappear a bit, becoming confused and annoyed. What the seven pits of hell is going on here?!

“Bill?” the other guy let out a wheezing cough then continues to holler through the thick smoke that is still in the air, “Bill where the fuck are you? ”

The male in front of him, who Mike guessed was Bill, perked up and

looked behind him.

“Richie!” he cried out happily as the redness in the guy’s eyes bleed away to reveal soft, glowing blue eyes.

Richie turns sharply to his direction and made a few quick steps to where the auburn haired male was, squinting at him before smiling.

“There you are! Where did fuck did you go?! You’re lucky I still had my contacts on since I couldn’t find my fucking, ugly ass glasses anywhere!”

Bill sighs, “They’re o-on the ruh-ruh-right side of the nuh-nest Richie.”

Mike looks at them with a dumbfounded expression, still pressed against the wall as he hoped that both of them would forget he was there.

Today just wasn’t his luck.

“We w-were s-s-summoned here. At luh-least we were s-sent to the s-s-same place.”

Richie scowls, “Who the fuck summoned us? We were just getting to the good part!”

“Him.”

Mike let out a tiny squeak as both of them turn to look at him.

Just like Bill did before, Richie bared his absurdly sharp fangs at him, red overtaking the color maroon of the dark haired male’s eyes. But what made Mike jump in fright was when horns sprout out of the guy’s head—the horns reminding Mike of a wild animal, an Eland maybe?—as the skin of his nose suddenly spreads open and apart, making it look like a gaping wound as he growled at him.

“The fuck you think you are to steal my face?! And what are you doing near my Bill!”

Mike puts his hands in front of him in what he hope is in a placating

manner, feeling that sense of inadequacy once again; wanting to apologize even though he didn't know why as he tried to swallow back his anxiety and terror.

“My name is Mike, Mike Wheeler and I was born with this face.”

2. Don't Mess With Magic

Summary for the Chapter:

“Well, since you summoned us, what the hell do you want?” Richie drawls; his eyes now back to the color maroon.

At that question, Mike feels his stomach clench in anxiety as he stays where he was at.

“Well, um, you see um.” Mike sputters uselessly.

“Spit it out already!” Richie snips.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hi~ ^^; It's been a while and I'm sorry for the wait. I'm also sorry that it's short and I hope that this chapter is good enough and worth the wait. I feel like I could have done better but at the same time, I like the way it came out? It's weird to explain. ^_~;

Warnings: Nothing too bad actually. Some sexual content but that's about it. Oh and Richie acting like an asshole but I can't exactly blame him...

Anyway, here's chapter 2.

Despite how tense Richie was, he hasn't moved to attack him. But he was still baring his terribly sharp teeth at him, the skin of his nose still raised up, and his claws still out. Those horrific red eyes still pinned him down, keeping him stiff against the wall as he hardly dared to breathe after he said the last statement.

“Richie...”

Richie didn't even twitch at the mention of his name.

“Richie...” Bill's voice sounded stern this time.

In response, Richie grows in acknowledgement.

Bill sighs quietly before moving smoothly and tucking his head underneath Richie's chin, pressing his shoulder and back against Richie until his whole right side was pressed against him.

Mike watches with surprised awe in how the raised skin of Richie's nose close down—not without hearing the unmistakable sound of wet flesh pressing against skin, making Mike's stomach roll—and the way the horns and claws went away.

Yet the nightmarish red didn't leave Richie's eyes and the fangs remained.

Then Mike jumps when Richie leans down and sinks his teeth into the juncture between Bill's neck and shoulder.

Bill releases a shocked squeal that ends with pleased moan, eyes rolling to the back of his head as his back arches and his hips twitches forward, Richie growling lowly into his skin.

Seeing such unabashed look of pleasure in Bill's face made Mike flush and turn his head away, feeling as though he was watching something not meant for his eyes.

When Mike turns his head to look back, he sees that Richie was licking away the blood from the bite mark, his expression admittedly relaxed as Richie presses a kiss to the wound before moving away.

Bill peers at Mike calmly, “Don't be a-a-alarmed; this is puh-pretty much a love tap cuh-cuh-compare to what h-his teeth can do.”

Mike looks at him in disbelief.

“Besides,” Bill smirks, “*I enjoy it~*” he purrs out, his blue eyes shining—literally—brightly before turning back to supernatural blue.

Mike decides to ignore the pleasant shiver he felt running through his body at Bill's sultry tone.

Seeing a bit of movement at the corner of his eye, Mike turns to see only to look away quickly when he sees Richie up and stretching

shamelessly, not even caring that he was giving Mike a view of his... everything.

“Well, since you summoned us, what the hell do you want?” Richie drawls; his eyes now back to the color maroon.

At that question, Mike feels his stomach clench in anxiety as he stays where he was at.

“Well, um, you see um.” Mike sputters uselessly.

“Spit it out already!” Richie snips.

While Bill was calmer than his mate, Mike could tell he was impatient with the way he drums his fingers in his thighs and the way his eyes were narrowed at his direction.

Mike presses his lips together before saying quickly, “I was dared to use any spell from that book over there.” He points to the book that was a feet away to the left, “I just picked randomly and I did it because I wanted to prove to my friends that magic didn’t exist.” He ends with a shaky breath.

Bill and Richie turn their heads to look at the said book, Bill walking over and grabbing the book. Mike had looked away when Bill had bend over to pick it up but looks back to see Bill with his eyebrows rose up to his hairline.

“Richie, come over here.” Bill commands in a soft but serious tone.

Richie, who had a look of concern on his face, walks over and peers at the book from behind Bill, resting his chin on top of Bill’s head. As Richie skims at the title of the book, his eyes widen and he suddenly grabs the book from Bill’s hands; opening the book and turning the pages quickly.

“Human, where did you get this?” Richie asks, not looking at Mike as he keeps eying the worn, yellow pages from the fragile book.

Mike opens his mouth to correct him but decides to let it go. It’s wasn’t a good idea to provoke the already irritated male...

“I got it from my parents’ backyard; my sister was digging around the backyard for “treasure” and she wanted me to help her.”

“S-so you ruh-really picked at r-random? You don’t k-k-know what these words muh-mean?”

“No, I don’t know. In fact, I’m even surprised that my pronunciations were correct since I’m a beginner in Latin.” Mike admits.

“Oh, just what we needed; an idiot dealing with a book about black magic and not even knowing what the fuck he’s summoning. Do you even understand what you were reading?”

Mike keeps hunching more into himself, his face now permanently pink, “...No. I just try to pronounce the words the way I believe they would sound. I can’t understand what it says or even tell what it was saying and I took a guess...”

Bill shakes his head while Richie was giving him a look that screams, ‘Are you that fucking stupid?!’

“S-s-since we have no fuh-further p-puh-purpose, we’ll just go a-and luh-leave.”

“Yeah, let’s get out of this dump.”

Mike glares at Richie but kept his mouth shut. His apartment was a *dump*—even he can admit that—but it was still a place he pays rent and he could live independently.

“Come on Bill, let’s head home.”

Bill nods as he reaches over and entangles his fingers with Richie’s.

As both of them closed their eyes, Mike could see a dark glow—aura?—surrounding them, Bill in dark blue and Richie in dark red, as moments pass. But when nothing happened, both men open their eyes; Bill frowning in concern while Richie was scowling in displeasure.

“Richie, why a-aren’t we able to t-t-teleport?” Bill questions uneasily.

Richie turns to look at Mike once again, “Human, what *else* did you read before the book summoned us here?”

Mike licks his lips nervously as he answers, “I read the last paragraph of the page...?”

Richie’s lips curl into a sneer while Bill asks tersely, “What page?”

“The same page I used to summon you here. I just – I just read the whole page. It was page 69, I think.”

Bill picks the book up again and quickly searches for the page, apparently finding it when he pauses as his eyes moving quickly as he read the contents of the page. After a minute of tense silence, Bill goes rigid, his eyes widening before letting out a loud curse.

“What? What is it?!”

Bill just hands the book over to him, covering his face with his hands as he continues to swear profanely.

As Richie reads the page himself, his face turns pale for a moment before his expression darkens, his eyes narrowing in anger and disbelief.

“You fucking dumbass!” Richie snarls, “You bounded us to you and this God awful, pathetic place you call home!”

Mike felt his heart plummet into his stomach, his lips trembling with fear as a weak, “What?” escapes his lips without permission.

“We cuh-can’t go h-h-h-home.” Bill’s response was bitter.

“At all because the spell you have used has *us* now stuck with **you**.” Richie finishes icily.

Mike open and closes his mouth, tongue tied and unable to spit out the words he wanted to say as all he could concentrate was the way his heart beat rapidly against his chest, making it difficult for him to breathe as he breaks into a cold sweat.

Bill sighs softly and sits uncaringly on the floor, not even paying to

the small spider that had ran pass him as he leans his cheek against his palm, his elbow digging into his thigh as he stares despondently at the wall in front of him.

Richie paces back and forth in front of them, letting out a hair rising growls once in a while before suddenly stopping and turning to look at Bill.

“Hey Bill?”

“Yes Richie?” was the tired inquiry.

“Who’s going to take care of Sugar?”

The response to his question was a loud groan as Bill covers his face again.

Notes for the Chapter:

I hope you guys enjoyed this chapter, especially to people who gave a lot of support. Thank you. ^^

Author's Note:

I hope you enjoy my OT3. Please comment below; any comment and/or kudos are very appreciated. ^^